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THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
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TYPES OF HUMANS.

THE DOG WORLD
&
ANTI-CAT REVIEW

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED
BY DOGS FOR DOGS WITH
THE ASSISTANCE OF

109466

WALTER EMANUEL,
Author of "A Dog Day"

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LONDON: LAWRENCE & JELLICOE, LTD.,
34, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.
1909

WHY WE APPEAR.

With the exception of Dogs, almost every section of Society is represented by a journal to look after its interests. There are even Fly Papers. That we should not have our organ is not as it should be, and this is our apology, if apology be needed, for making our bow—we had almost written "our bow-wow"—to the Public.

As regards our policy towards Humans, we hope to steer a middle course between the Fantastics who would have them destroyed, and the Fanatics who would have them treated as deities. At the same time, we shall do all we can to secure the repeal of the hateful and unjust Licence Law, holding that there should be no taxation without representation. But as regards Cats, we can assure our readers, there will be no temporizing, no truce. It is, by the way, only characteristic of these cattle, with their utter lack of originality, that no sooner is our newspaper founded, than it is announced that they are to have a rag of their own, called "The Daily Mews." Pshaw!

We would further like to say that in Style we shall be like an Irish Terrier—short and snappy. And we shall, we hope, be outspoken even where our own race is concerned. We shall not hesitate, if necessary, to call a dog a hound.*

In respect to our Contributors, the rule will be anonymity; but we can assure our readers that our staff includes all the brightest and most brainy dogs in the country. That, we hope, will be apparent from a perusal of our pages.

A word, by the way, as to our Illustrations. Here we have had some little difficulty. The only dogs who can draw well are Belgians. But we were unwilling to let a job go out of the country. We have, therefore, had to content ourselves with the best local talent available—and, if our drawings are somewhat crude, our excuse must be that we are Patriots first, and Artists afterwards.

Finally, we would mention that our Advertisement Pages will be carefully scrutinised with a view to preventing the insertion of anything objectionable, and we have already refused several indelicate réclames *relating to disinfectants for dog-kennels, etc., while "The Dog Whip and Muzzle Company" has received a well-merited rebuff: we have returned the Company's cheque in an unstamped envelope.*

* *Unless he be an annual subscriber.—Proprietor, D. W. & A.-C. R.*

THE

DOG WORLD & ANTI-CAT REVIEW

"It's dogged that does it."

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BIRTHS.

On the 1st inst., at Bark Place, Queenie Tompkins, of six daughters and two sons.

DEATHS.

On the 2nd inst., suddenly, by a drowning accident, the six infant daughters of Queenie Tompkins.

MARRIAGES.

OUR AGONY COLUMN

*** *We regret to say that at the last moment this feature had to be suppressed. As we went to press, we received information which led to the unmasking of a dastardly feline conspiracy. We discovered that a number of cats, under assumed canine names, were making assignations with unsuspecting dogs through the medium of this column, with a view to taking them unawares in lonely spots and doing them grievous bodily harm. The matter has been placed in the hands of our Solicitors.*

Our Leader.

WANTED: MODERN METHODS.

IN another column we record, with deep regret, the sad death of Mr. Leo Smith, the esteemed Vice-President of the Cat Scarers' Association. Several names have already been put forward for the vacant post. Without wishing in any way to prejudice the election, we would suggest—nay, entreat—that this important matter be not settled without careful consideration. There is no occasion for hurry. Let us cry "Halt" for a moment, and examine our methods. Are our methods sufficiently up to date? Are we not, we would ask, somewhat lacking in that careful organisation without which complete victory is never possible? Are we not too fond of what, for the lack of a better term, we must call "Muddling Through"? Nowadays Pluck alone—a quality in which, thank Heaven, we have never been deficient—does not suffice. Our enemies must be fought with their own weapons. The Cunning of Cats must be met by the Slimness of Dogs. The days of the Frontal Attack are over. The moment cries aloud for a Strategist. How did the late Mr. Smith receive the injuries which caused

his lamented death? He was ambushed. To Mr. Smith's credit, in a sense, he held strategy to be a species of low cunning unworthy of our race. He hated all that was underhand. His was a peculiarly open nature. Indeed, we have often thought that had Mr. Smith entered for an Open Dog Show he would have carried all before him. For natures of this kind we have the greatest admiration. *But it is not Business.* We would plead for a little Statesmanship—a modicum of Generalship. Had Mr. Smith not scorned the most elementary precautions, he might be among us now. "It's a foolish dog that gives away his bones," says the old adage. Modern Dogs and Modern Methods are what we want. Therefore we would beg that the vacant position be not filled up without due consideration. The present President of the Cat Scarers' Association—to whom we wish long life—is now, unfortunately, a permanent invalid, and is unable to take that active interest in the affairs of the Association which we are quite sure he desires. This fact renders the post of Vice-President all the more important. We would like to see it filled by one of the younger generation. Better far that it should remain vacant for a time than that an unwise appointment should be made. The hour, you may be sure, will bring forth the dog. Meanwhile, there is no occasion for panic. Already our enemies have been heard to boast that Mr. Smith's successor will meet with a similar fate. Well, *nous verrons, mesdames*—if our advice be followed.

SITUATIONS WANTED, &c.

WANTED—Position of trust in Pastry Cook's shop. Write, Box 112, office of this paper.

ADVERTISER, quiet, handsome, well educated, is desirous of being ADOPTED by wealthy widow. No children. Write, enclosing sample ménus, Box 114, office of this paper.

TO TAILORS.—Expert trousers and breeches cutter. Write "Man-eater," office of this paper.

COMFORTABLE HOME REQUIRED by orphan. Capital house dog; or would rid garden of cats, &c. Will eat anything. Address, Box 130, office of this paper.

YOUNG WIDOW (superior) desires companionship. Church of England. Write, with photos and references, Box 117, office of this paper.

EXPERIENCED PACKER will instruct how to stow away at least twice as much food as at present. Payment by commission. Write, Box 118, office of this paper.

AGENTS WANTED to advertise business already established. Must be stout. The Mammoth Biscuit Factory.

TO NOBLEMEN AND OTHERS.—Situation as HOUSE DOG, where under-house dog kept, required at once by magnificent mastiff. Leaving through inadequacy of food. Sundays and Wednesdays out. Sober, industrious, noisy. When not on duty, an ornament to any drawing-room. Write, Box 123, office of this paper.

ADVERTISER being about to proceed abroad, has an accumulation of fine old crusted bones to dispose of. What offers? Write, Box 130, office of this paper.

SITUATION VACANT—Biting Bob has the pleasure to announce that there is a vacancy for a HOUSE CAT at No. 16, Lavender Crescent, Canning Town. The late occupant of that position cheeked B.B. as he was passing yesterday, so I put an end to her. B.B. thanks his patrons for past favours, and he is prepared at all times to give lessons in SELF-DEFENCE for a consideration. The old address.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Dogs and Postmen.

"Why do dogs bark at and exhibit hostility to Postmen?" asks a contemporary. The reason, we should have thought, was sufficiently obvious. It is at Post Offices that the infamous tax which is levied on us has to be paid.

* * *

A Suggestion.

Meanwhile, if this hateful impost must continue, at any rate let the money be devoted to our benefit, and we would suggest that, with the funds at their disposal, the Government start erecting at once, all over the country, restaurants for dogs, such institutions to be open night and day, free of charge—and no red tape.

* * *

Why not Taxi-cats?

Also, we would insist on this. While the tax remains, cats should be put under a similar disability. It is our intention to agitate unceasingly for Taxi-cats.

* * *

A Motto.

Suggested dog Latin motto for the Simple Life faddists—*Nil nisi bonum* (Nothing but bones).

* * *

An interesting Find.

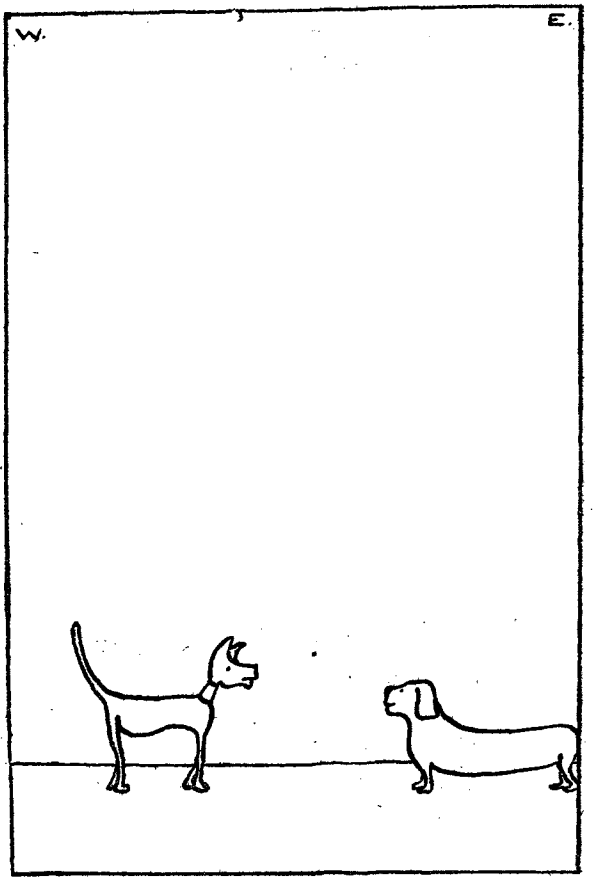
Among the remains of some pre-historic men the bones of a dog have been found in a cave. This must be the famous *Cave Canem.*

A Pretty Custom.

We are pleased to notice that the fashion of wearing brooches in the form of a model of a little dog in gold is spreading. We can imagine no more beautiful object.

* * *

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



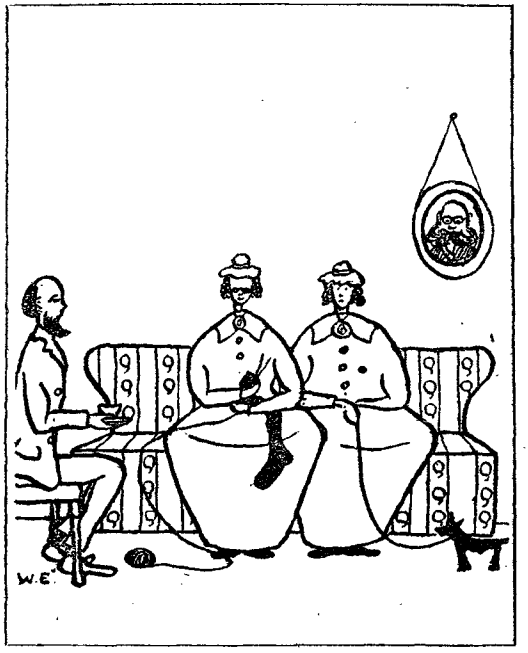
"What's the meaning of the initials 'K.C.' that some barristers place after their names?"

"Dunno—Kennel Club, I suppose."

Waste of Energy.

Once more an attempt has been made by some good-natured busybodies to conclude peace between us and the cats, and we are not surprised to hear that the meeting at which the question was being considered was broken up by stalwarts. Such attempts, with their mawkish sentimentality, are doomed to failure. Until cats give up fighting with unfair weapons, there can be no talk of friendship. So long as they use claws, they place themselves outside the pale of civilization. "Scratch as scratch can" is not sport. Let them cease scratching others: let them scratch themselves, as we do—then, *perhaps*, we will look at them.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"But aren't you two ladies frightened of living alone?"

"Oh, no; we have Tina."

Execrated by Everyone.

By the by, we are not alone in our hatred of cats. The humans are with us. If they dislike a woman they call her a cat. And a threat to give even a stubborn criminal the cat will fill him with fear.

* * *

The Suffragette Movement.

Has the Suffragette movement any interest for us? is a question which is not infrequently asked. Certainly it has. It is likely, in the opinion of many thoughtful persons, to lead to civil war between men and women. It is not impossible that this might prove to be a war of extermination. And then, when there are no more humans, we dogs will have the world to ourselves. All that we need is patience.

* * *

Toy "Dogs."

We note that an application is to be made to the National Dog Club to admit Toys as members. We trust that the application will not even be considered. Toys are not dogs: they bring the name of Dog into disrepute. Let them join Insect Clubs, if there be such things. The application is an impertinence. If Toys be dogs, then gnats are dogs.

* * *

Still they come!

Yet another anti-cat association! The formation of the Society for Promoting Cruelty to Cats is announced. In bidding a hearty

welcome to the new-comer, which undoubtedly supplies a want, we would remark that one day a very large question will have to be tackled, namely, the desirability of combining all our hundred and one anti-cat societies into one vast organisation. Personally, we are in favour of this. We are convinced that such an amalgamation would be able to sweep all cats off the face of the earth. It is highly advisable that an end should be made of them with one fell swoop, so that we can be left free to consider other urgent problems. And not only is it desirable for us, but it would be humane to them in the long run, as the average cat's existence, if one comes to think of it, cannot be much of a life, with its constant fear of us. As things are, the poor devils dare not show their ugly faces in the public streets except at night-time.

* * *

A Gross Scandal.

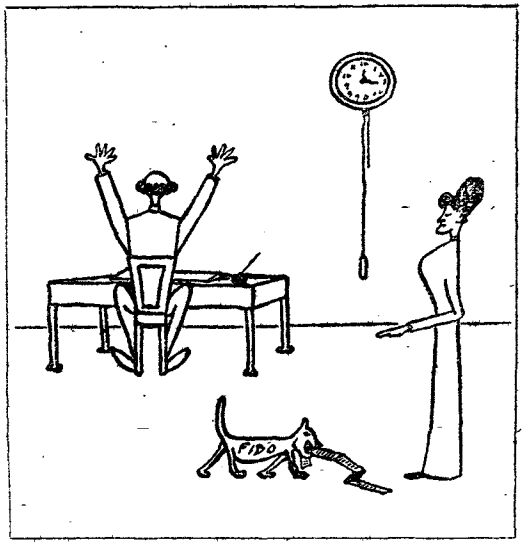
We hear with pleasure that arrangements are being made to hold a mass meeting to protest against the absurd imitations of dogs one sees on the stage, especially in pantomimes—imitations which are neither funny nor in good taste, and which can only have one result, namely, to bring the name of Dog into ridicule. In our opinion, if peaceable representations have no effect, we should boldly wage war. Powerfully-built dogs should station themselves outside any place of entertainment where these disgusting exhibitions are given, and should bite big pieces out of anyone who attempts to enter. This, by keeping patrons away, and touching the managers in their pockets, would soon bring them to reason.

* * *

Behind the Footlights.

We hope, by the way, later on, to make a feature of theatrical news, in view of the fact that a constantly increasing number of dogs join the profession. In an early number we shall publish a highly interesting interview with a charming actress who has earned her bones on the stage for ten years past—there is scarcely a European

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE APT QUOTATION.

Distracted Journalist:—"Oh dear, oh dear! where's my proof got to?"

His Daughter:—"Why, the proof is in the eating, Pa."

Hippodrome where she has not appeared —and we can promise our readers some sensational revelations as to the treatment she has received.

* * *

At Last?

Once again news reaches us of a cure for distemper. We must confess that we receive the report with a certain amount of scepticism, for we have been disappointed so often. However, anyone who discovers a real remedy for this most terrible of scourges will earn the gratitude of all Dogkind, and we still hope we may be pleasantly disappointed.

* * *

A Horrible Rumour.

The difficulty, of course, is to get at the cause of the disease. It is possible, however, that this has at length been traced. It has been alleged that humans are in the habit of having the walls of their rooms distempered, and this is now being investigated. Ourselves, we hesitate to credit the allegation, for we cannot believe that human callousness could go so far.

* * *

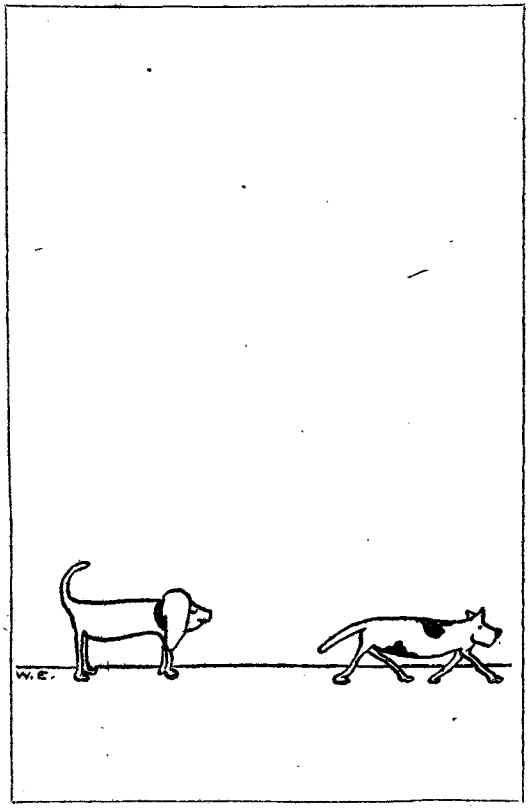
What next?

There would seem to be no limit to the pretensions of some people. Cats, if you please, are now asking for a cemetery like our Dogs' Cemetery in Kensington Gardens! Good gracious, what next? A Cats' Cathedral, perhaps! Are rubbish heaps, then, giving out?

Stop, Thief!

Apropos of the Law, we note, with regret, an undoubted increase in dog-stealing. The petty pilfering of Toys we do not care about, but several cases have been brought under our notice lately where valuable house dogs have been stolen by burglars. This, of course, is especially galling to those concerned, and our supine police would appear

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Hello, no collar on?"

"No; clothes are irksome to me."

"Maud Allan!"

to be helpless in the matter. In these circumstances, we would strongly advise our readers to study the art of self-defence, on which subject an epoch-making work, as will be seen from our advertisement columns, will be published shortly.

* * *

"Road Cats."

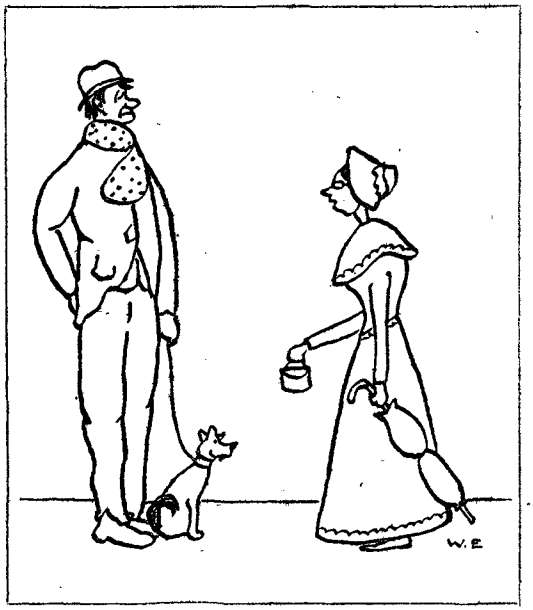
Yet another valuable life lost as the result of a motor-car accident! We refer to poor Mr. Nero Jones. More often than not these accidents are the fault of the motor people—"Road Cats" as they have been aptly called—yet we cannot but think that sometimes the fatality might be avoided if we ourselves were a little more circumspect. Many of us rush across a road without looking in either direction. And some of us, when we see a car in the distance, fail to realize the rate at which the thing travels, and that, although it appears to be a long way off, it will be on you before you can say "Biscuit." We are convinced that, with a little more alertness on our own part, many fatalities might be prevented.

* * *

A Grave Allegation.

We have received a letter—too long to print *in extenso*—entitled "The Great Bloodhound Fraud," in which the writer alleges that these much-advertised dogs, in spite of their thoughtful and dignified appearance, are nowadays either fools or knaves, living on the reputation of their ancestors. In recent times, according to our correspondent, scarcely any instance is known of their having run a murderer to earth. All that they do, when they are called in, is to lead a number of stout and perspiring police constables on a wild-goose chase—the dogs thoroughly enjoying the fun and publicity of the thing. A yet graver charge is that they have been known not to hesitate to lead the authorities to an individual who has had nothing to do with the crime, but against whom they have some private grudge. These are serious allegations, and should be inquired into.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



Old Lady (contemplating purchase of appalling mongrel) :—"And is he thoroughbred?"

Dealer :—"Well, scarcely yet, marm. You see 'e's only a little puppy now. 'E ain't fully developed yet."

HOME NEWS.

DEATH OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CAT-SCARERS' ASSOCIATION.

HIS LAST MOMENTS.

MEMOIR.

We regret to have to announce the death of the Vice-President of the Cat-Scarers' Association. Mr. Leo Smith

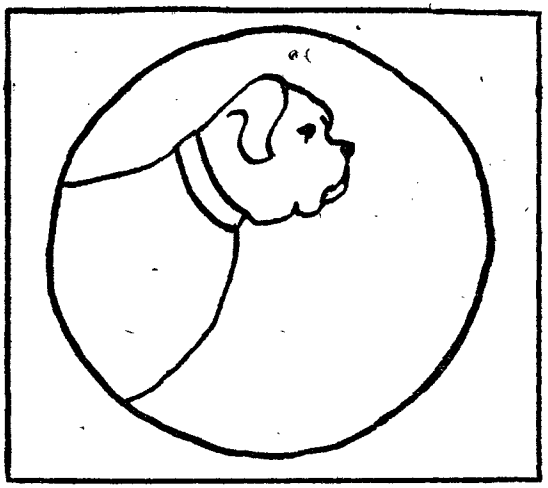
PASSED AWAY QUIETLY

on Sunday last at his residence at Muswell Hill. To his intimates the sad event will scarcely come as a surprise, for, although the fact was carefully kept from the knowledge of Mr. Smith himself, it was realised that he could never recover from his recent accident, when he was

BADLY MAULED BY A VIRAGO,

while engaged on the work he loved so well. As a result of the scratches Mr. Smith then received, septic poisoning ensued, and, in spite of the most careful medical attention, this great dog is now no more. His, after all, was the death one feels sure he would have desired—a death on the battle-field!

Born in 1899 Mr. Smith rapidly attained to eminence. Coming up to Town from the Country—Mr. Smith was a native of Cheshire—he had at first to fight against that distrust and covert hostility which all Provincials meet with in the Metropolis. His noteworthy pluck, however, and his unerring judgment were not slow to attract attention for a



THE LATE MR. LEO SMITH.
(From a Miniature in the possession of his Widow.)

COMBINATION OF MUSCLE AND BRAIN,

such as Mr. Smith possessed, is none too common. He soon became a prominent member of every anti-cat institution in the kingdom, and when, in 1903, owing to the lamented death of Mr. Carlo Marjoribanks, the office of Vice-President of the Cat-Scarers' Association became vacant, Mr. Smith was elected by acclamation. Had he lived he would without doubt have risen to

A YET HIGHER OFFICE,

Of an extremely modest and retiring nature Mr. Smith was never known to use his enormous strength on an unworthy object, and it is no exaggeration to say that his friends were legion. It is, by-the-by, characteristic of the modesty of the deceased that few even of his closest friends were aware that in the year 1901 Mr. Smith was

THE DERBY DOG.

Yet, such was the fact. Mr. Smith was not one to brag.

Mr. Smith leaves behind him a widow, and many children, who, we regret to learn, are almost totally unprovided for.

Contrary to expectation, Mr. Smith

HAS NOT DIED A WEALTHY DOG.

Indeed we are informed that all that he has left are a silver collar and three bones.

The funeral will take place on Wednesday next, when a great crowd is anticipated, and it is hoped that black dogs will make a special point of attending.

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR NEAR EXETER.

Dog Shoots his Master.

Mr. B. Grumphy, a farmer, who was shooting near Exeter yesterday, had just killed a rabbit with his first barrel, and gone forward with his dog to pick up the animal, when, as he bent down, the dog in bounding on the rabbit, struck the trigger, discharging the gun, and killing his master instantly. The report does not state what the master had done, but no doubt his fate was richly deserved.

SERVE HIM RIGHT!

Man Loses his Life in Attempting to Save his Kit.

During a fire last night at the engineering works of Messrs. Gimlet and Co., a mechanic named A. Fathead lost his life in foolishly attempting to recover his "kit" from the burning building.

SHOCKING MURDER IN THE EAST END.

Wealthy Yorkshire Terrier done to Death.

ESCAPE OF THE MURDERER.

2 A.M.

A shocking discovery was made early this morning in Goole Street, a turning off the Ratcliff Highway. Some labourers on their way to work came across what they at first thought was a little dog asleep in the middle of the road. On looking more closely, they were horrified to find that life was extinct, and that the poor creature had evidently been

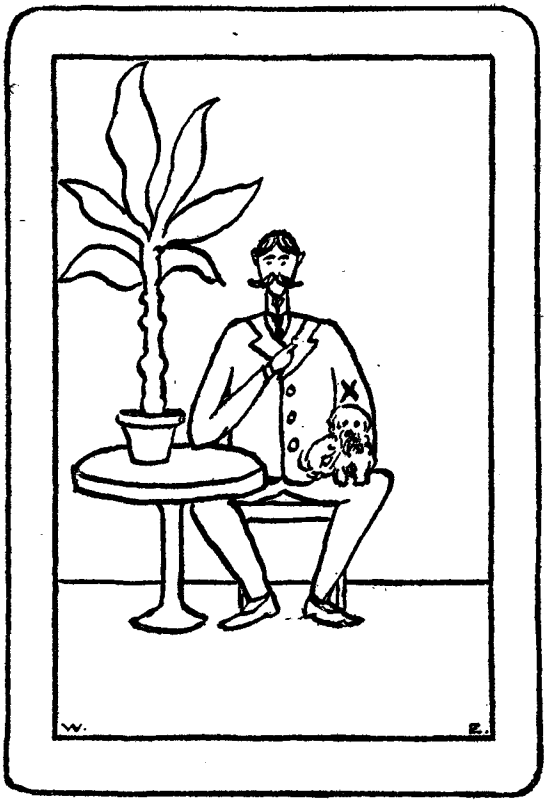
FOULLY DONE TO DEATH.

The news soon spread like wildfire, and in a very short time a large crowd, of which at least three-fourths consisted of excited dogs, had gathered round the spot. All sorts of rumours flew about as to the identity of the murderer, and at first the crime was thought to be

THE WORK OF CATS.

There were angry cries of "Lynch 'em!" and several felines who, with characteristic curiosity, poked their heads out of the neighbouring houses were roughly manhandled. A DOG WORLD AND ANTI-CAT REVIEW reporter, however, who was quickly

PORTRAIT OF THE MURDERED TERRIER.



THE MURDERED YORKSHIRE TERRIER.
(*From a photograph.*)
N.B.—The Terrier is marked with a X.

on the spot, ascertained from an inspection of the corpse, which bore no evidence of scratches, that the ghastly deed was undoubtedly the work of another dog. The district is known to be a dangerous one, swarming as it does with hooligan dogs. The identity of the deceased has not yet been ascertained, but he was apparently of the upper middle-classes. He was dressed in a neat blue cloth coat, edged with red silk, and a silver-mounted collar. The police have not yet put in an appearance.

2.15 A.M.

There are

STILL NO POLICE!

Our representative has ascertained a fact of considerable importance. A terrier who lives at No. 28, Goole Street, which is quite near the scene of the tragedy, states that he was awakened at about 11.15 P.M. last night by a sound of quarrelling between two dogs. He distinctly heard one of the contestants hurl the epithet "Cat!" at the other, to which the other retorted. "You Bloodhound!" This should prove

AN IMPORTANT CLUE.

3 A.M.

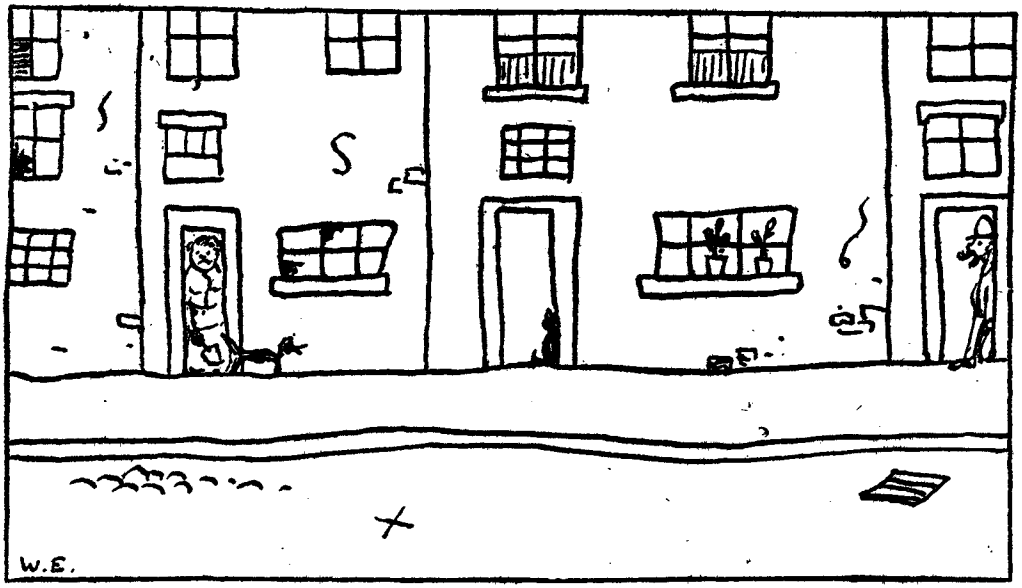
The victim has been identified. The fact that he *is* a dog well known in Society has increased the excitement. He is Mr. Prince Cholmondley, of 59, Barkston Square, South Kensington. What took Mr. Cholmondley to the East End is a mystery. The motive of the murder is also a mystery. It evidently was

NOT ROBBERY,

as the deceased's clothing is intact: even the little handkerchief is still in the pocket of the coat. The most popular theory is that Mr. Cholmondley was somehow involved in

A LOW AMOUR,

and that the affair belongs to that category of crimes known as *crimes passionelles*. The hue and cry for the murderer continues, and all bloodhounds are being closely questioned. There is a report that deceased was seen being shadowed by a white bow-legged dog last night. This clue is also being followed up. The police are still conspicuous by their absence.



GOOLE STREET. X WHERE THE MURDER TOOK PLACE.

SAD SHOOTING ACCIDENT.

Mr. Spot Summerfield Seriously Wounded.

We regret to learn that Mr. Spot Summerfield has met with a serious accident. He was out after the birds with his master and a house-party when he suddenly received a shower of shot in his tail. According to an eye-witness, Mr. Summerfield's agony was piteous to behold, and several ladies fainted. The clumsy sportsman has not yet been identified, but it is presumed that he was one of the guests. How long shall we have to wait before the Legislature insists on every human passing an examination in marksmanship before he is allowed to handle a gun? At a late hour last night Mr. Summerfield was still in great pain, and it is feared that the tail will have to be amputated—which will mean disfigurement for life.

AMUSING CANARD.

A news agency is responsible for the absurd statement that at an inquest held at Anerley on a widow who had died suddenly, a witness declared that the deceased had been much depressed after the death of a pet cat!

STOP PRESS NEWS.

THE MURDER.

Police have removed body. Murderer still at large.

HOIST ON HER OWN PETARD.

Amusing Affair at Balham.

Miss Catherine Sniffle, of Rose Villa, Balham, a maiden lady who "could not bear dogs," was troubled by the numerous predatory incursions which the ragamuffins of the neighbourhood were wont to make in her private garden. At last the cunning old dame bethought herself of a remedy. She purchased a large board, and painted thereon in crimson letters :—

BEWARE OF THE DOG!

This ruse, she flattered herself, could not fail to be effective. A few mornings later she was honoured with a notice from one of His Majesty's Inland Revenue officials requesting her to favour him with the sum of seven shillings and sixpence in payment of the Dog Tax. The placard has now disappeared, and the boys are as troublesome as ever.

ACCIDENT TO KEE TING.

The well-known Chow, Kee Ting, who was recently valued at £10 an ounce, met with a serious accident on Tuesday last, when, in the course of a sudden dispute, a homeless cur took an ounce without paying for it, and it is feared that it will be some time before the distinguished Chinaman is about again.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE S.P.K.H.

The annual meeting of the Society for Promoting Kindness to Humans was held on Thursday last, and was not so well attended as it should have been. A resolution was passed, calling on members not to bark at or otherwise harass wooden-legged men and persons in rags, in view of the fact, now satisfactorily established, that they could not help it. A proposal in favour of issuing an appeal to large dogs with small masters at the other end of the leash to go where the masters want them to go instead of dragging them where they themselves want to go, was lost.

FRACAS IN OXFORD STREET.

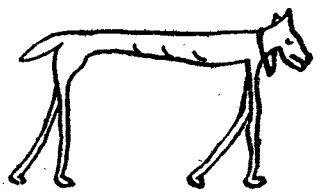
As we go to press, a report reaches us of a terrific fight in Oxford Street, between a couple of Irish terriers, names unknown. Upon the outbreak of hostilities, Telegraph Boys and Express Messengers mobilized as though by magic, and in a very short time the combatants had as fine and enthusiastic an audience as they could wish for. An old lady who attempted to interfere was somewhat roughly handled, and had her umbrella bitten in no less than three places. The fight, as time went on, increased in vigour, and the road was soon littered with fur. When the contest was at its height, there was a cry of "Police!" but, by the time the constable had shambled up, the dogs had, of course, disappeared. The cause of the quarrel is not known. It is thought that neither of the pugilists was seriously injured.

THEY CALL HIM HAPPY BOB NOW.

Hoxton Dog's Wonderful Recovery.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

(*Special Interview for the "Dog World and Anti-Cat Review."*)



"EVERY DAY I GOT THINNER.'

Hearing of Mr. Bob O'Leary's wonderful recovery, a *D. W. & A-C.R.* interviewer sought him out in his home. "Is it true," asked our interviewer, "what everyone is saying as to your being

SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

"Yes, it is all true, though I scarcely care to think of it now;" and a shadow passed across Mr. O'Leary's cheerful face. "It came gradually," he went on. "At first I found

I COULD ONLY EAT AS MUCH AS WAS GOOD FOR ME.

Then, when food was offered me, I sometimes refused it; and so on, until as often as not

THE SIGHT OF FOOD BECAME DISTASTEFUL TO ME,

and sometimes I would even snap at kind friends who offered it to me. Indeed, I was getting so irritable that I was fast becoming a byword for bad temper. I became

DEPRESSED,

and frequently I would be asked, 'Why are you so sad, Bertie?' Every day I got thinner; my collar hung loose round my neck; I was, in fact, merely

WAITING FOR DEATH,

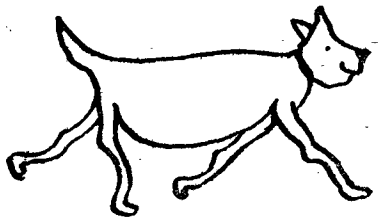
when a kind friend said 'Why not try a box of

THOMPSON'S TONGUE-TICKLING TABLOIDS?'

I did so, and behold me now! My appetite to-day is one of the finest in the Kingdom —which reminds me that I must get something to eat," said Mr. O'Leary as he bade our representative good-bye. And as our representative came away, and thought of Mr. O'Leary's

SUNNY SMILE,

he murmured, "I'll get some of those Tabloids myself." [Advt.]



HAPPY BOB.

A DEMONSTRATION FIASCO.

Mass Meeting of Two!

A short time ago, amid a great flourish of trumpets, the Tribal Association was formed. The object of the Association, it may be remembered, was to revive the tribal feeling among us by founding clubs the membership of which should be confined to certain species of dog—somewhat on the lines of the County Associations of the humans. At present if, say, one Fox-terrier meets another Fox-terrier he is no more interested in him than if he were, say a Dalmatian. The solidarity—the local patriotism—which should be there is lacking. While acknowledging that this state of affairs was not satisfactory, there were not wanting those who held that the matter was incapable of remedy. These would appear to have been in the right. Placards were recently issued by the Association calling together a Mass Meeting of Sussex Spaniels with a view to their becoming members of the Sussex Spaniel Club, which at present consists only of the President and the Secretary. Sussex Spaniels were invited to "come in their thousands" to Trafalgar Square on Saturday last at 2 p.m. What happened then? Only two demonstrators put in an appearance—and these were the President and Secretary of the Sussex Spaniel Club! A few minutes later, it is true, a third dog trotted up, but he was plainly not entitled to demonstrate. He claimed to be a thoroughbred Sussex, but he was obviously a Mongrelian, and there was some unpleasantness with him. Nor did the unpleasantness end there. When the DOG WORLD AND ANTI-CAT REVIEW reporter left the Square, the President and Secretary were endeavouring to decide which of them was responsible for the fiasco. We fancy we shall hear no more of the Tribal Association.

BULLY'S WELL-DESERVED PUNISHMENT.

Swashbuckler receives a Severe Trouncing.

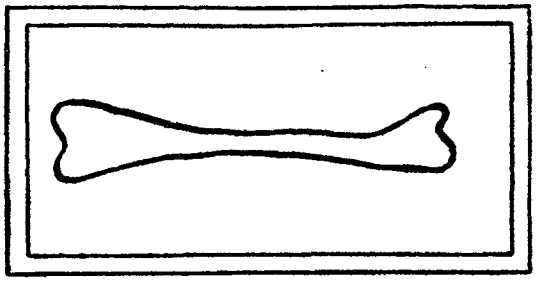
A correspondent sends us an account of an amusing incident at Acton. For some time past a mastiff had been in the habit of making an unprovoked attack on a fox-terrier about one-third his size, whenever they met. Last Wednesday, the fox-terrier gathered together some half-dozen of his particular friends, and these lay in wait in a shady corner of a certain street frequented by the bully. Sure enough, he duly appeared, and with loud cries of "Now we've got you!" the six youngsters sprang on him, and in a few minutes Mr. Bully was holloaing for mercy. He was not, however, allowed to go before he had received a certain amount of facial disfigurement for him to explain to his friends. The fox-terrier has not been molested since.

THE DEMONSTRATION FIASCO.

(*See p.* 14.)

IMPUDENT ROBBERY AT SOUTH CROYDON.

An impudent robbery has taken place at the residence of Mr. Tatters Johnson at South Croydon. A number of valuable bones, many of which had scarcely been gone over, were stolen yesterday morning in Mr. Johnson's absence. This is the third theft of the kind which has taken place in the neighbourhood within the past fortnight, and it is evident that an organised gang is at work. A Vigilance Committee is to be formed.



THE CROYDON ROBBERY.

ONE OF THE MISSING BONES.

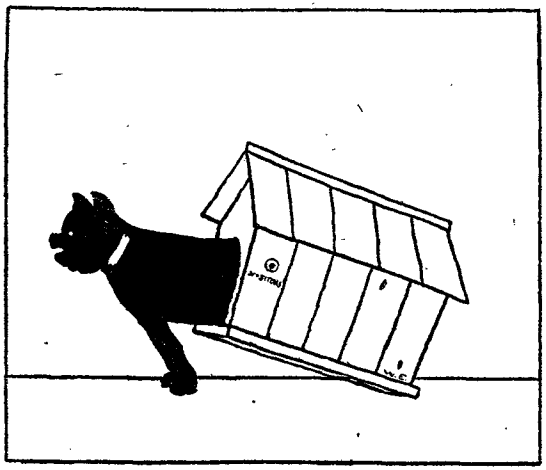
(Drawn by a D. W. & A-C.R. Artist from a description supplied by Mr. Johnson.)

PRODIGIOUS!

Hackney Cat's Record Stupidity.

Countless tales are told of the appalling stupidity of cats, but the following story which reaches us from Hackney fairly takes the biscuit. A black cat named Nigger Robinson, residing at No. 3, Lavender Villas, Hackney, lay down on a black fur rug, and, after the filthy manner of her race, began to clean herself with her tongue. Somehow or other it seemed an endless job that day. It was not yet finished when a neighbour strolled in. After watching the little lady of colour for a few seconds, he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "What's the matter?" hissed Nigger Robinson. "Why, don't you see, you black rubbish, what you are doing?" "No," came the answer, "I only know that my ablutions have never taken me such an unconscionably long time before." "Don't use long words, and get off the mat. *You have been cleaning the fur mat as well as yourself!*"

To anyone unacquainted with the miniature brains of cats, the above would appear incredible. The incident, however, is vouched for by a correspondent of unimpeachable veracity.



THE HOUSING SCANDAL.

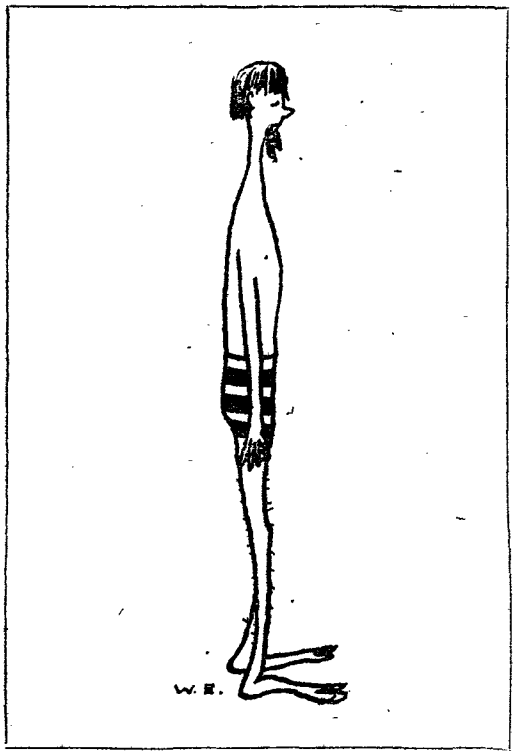
Every day one hears of fresh instances of inadequate housing accommodation. The above is a portrait of one of our subscribers, who, happening to grow in the night, found it impossible to shake off his kennel in the morning.

PLUCKY RESCUE BY A DOG.

A Panic-stricken Crowd.

Human Generosity!

While bathing at Yarmouth on Friday an excursionist got into difficulties. Crowds of humans were standing gaping on the shore when Mr. Bruno Jenkins, the well-known Newfoundlander, plunged into the water, fixed his teeth firmly into the excursionist's arm, and, after a great struggle, brought the man safely to land. Mr. Jenkins was rewarded with a bun!



THE RESCUED EXCURSIONIST.
(*Drawn from life by a D.W. & A.-C.R. Artist.*)

BRILLIANT SOCIETY FUNCTION AT BARKING.

FANCY DRESS BALL.

SOME OF THE COSTUMES.

Everyone who is anyone in Canine Society was present at the Fancy Dress Ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Togo Hunt-Fleigh at Barking last night. The affair was a brilliant success, and was pronounced by all to have been

ONE OF THE SMARTEST FUNCTIONS OF THE SEASON.

Many of the costumes baffle description. Great amusement was caused by Mr. Imp Wagstaff, who had made himself up as

A MINIATURE HUMAN.

He cleverly walked on his hind legs, and his imitation of the absurd antics of humans caused roars of laughter. Much hilarity was called forth, too, by a dachshund who came as a St. Bernard, and a St. Bernard who had adopted the garb of a dachshund, And a well-known bull dog wearing the mane of a poodle and a false beard, appeared as

"L'ENTENTE CORDIALE,"

while a Great Dane came painted as a zebra, and Miss Fluffie Featherstonhaugh had a *succès fou* as A MUFF. One of the prettiest make-ups, perhaps, was that of Miss Fan Grace. This elegant and *svelte* greyhound appeared as

A RACE-HORSE,

with a miniature jockey strapped to her back. It was, perhaps, a pity that not all the guests wore fancy dress. Still, Miss Nell Gawthorpe's

MAGNIFICENT NECKLACE OF CATS' EYES

attracted much envious admiration, and Miss Fifine Drawle-Jenkins looked very smart in her new Directoire costume. The festive proceedings, which continued into the small hours of the morning, were unfortunately marred by

A SLIGHT CONTRETEMPS

which threatened at one time to develop into an ugly tragedy. Mr. Spider Meldrum came as a cat. His costume was so cleverly made that it completely deceived his fellow guests, who angrily attacked him on his arrival, and had not Mr. Meldrum had the presence of mind ultimately to throw off his costume and reveal himself, his dance would undoubtedly have been turned into a funeral. It is proposed at future functions of this kind to prohibit costumes of this sort. Mr. Meldrum is now confined to his house suffering from shock to his system.

IN A FEW LINES.

Meeting of Socialists.

At a meeting of Socialists held in Battersea Park on Tuesday, a resolution was passed in favour of Three Meals a Day and As much as you Like in Between. Beyond the looting of a baker boy's bread basket, the meeting passed off quietly.

Fatal Accident to Mr. N. Jones.

Mr. Nero Jones was killed by a motor car on Wednesday. The car proceeded on its way without rendering assistance.

The World of Music.

Mr. Kennelly Rumford is to sing at a Concert on the 16th inst.

Those Wonderful Humans!

A little while ago humans were patting themselves on the back because one of their number had fitted up one of the hounds of the Essex Harriers with a glass eye in the place of one he had lost. It now transpires that the hound cannot see through this wonderful invention!

An Interesting Trophy.

There is now on view at the new and cheerful home of the Canine Defence Club a fine example of the work of one of the members in the form of what is described as the largest piece of burglar ever extracted by a dog.

Grit.

The Anti-Bath League has a new President. Mr. Smut Lever was elected to that office last night. In the speech of his proposer it was mentioned that Mr. Lever had successfully resisted washing in any form for upwards of thirteen years.

To all whom it may concern.

Those dogs to whom coal is a favourite article of diet will be pleased to hear that a "Coal Consumers' Defence League" has been formed.

Irish Hospitality.

Mr. Llewellyn O'Reilly, the Secretary of the Irish Dogs' Social Club, asks us to announce that arrangements have been made to hold a series of soirées every Monday morning at the Club House. Irish dogs, with their ladies, whether members or not, will be welcome.

DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

Mr. JACK SMYTHE, the President of the Feline Fighters' Brotherhood, passed a bad night, being much disturbed by cats.

Mrs. NELL DRISCOLL is doing as well as can be expected.

Mr. MAX PIGSTEIN makes steady progress. He ate a small piece of chicken yesterday morning and went for a drive in the afternoon. It is feared, however, that he will be unable to preside at the forthcoming banquet of the Gourmets' Society.

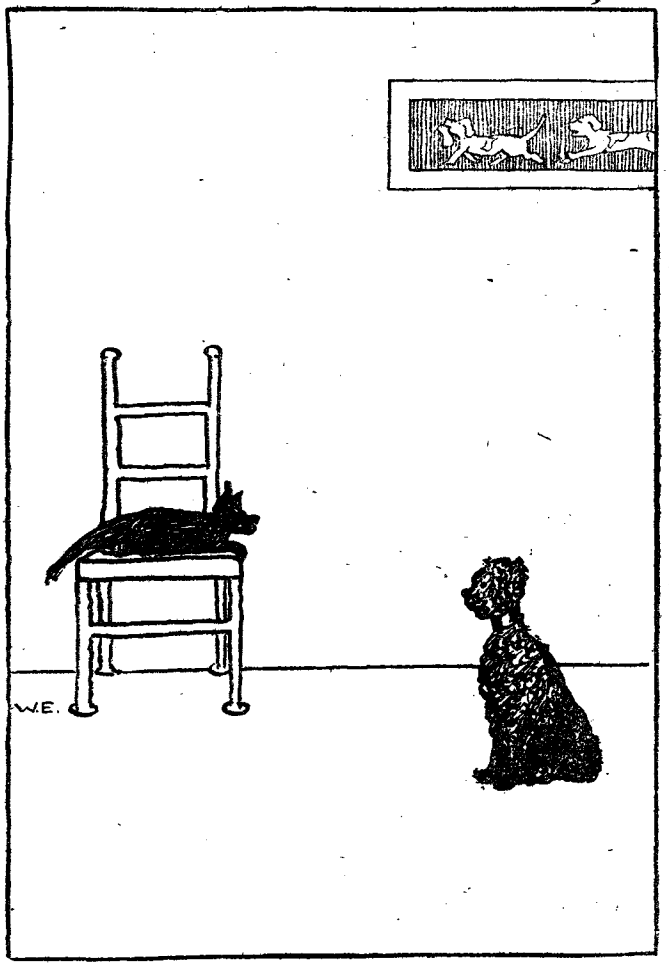
Mr. TAFFY APTHOMAS, who was thought to be *in extremis* yesterday after the splintered pheasant bone had been extracted from his throat, rallied somewhat at the sight of food.

JO, the infant son of Mrs. BROWNIE BROWN and Mr. JIM HOWE-NOWE, is recovering from distemper.

Captain WEBBER, Vice-President of the Water Spaniels Club, is sinking rapidly.

Mr. CAESAR ROBINSON has mumps. It is not known how many.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE VISIT TO THE CONVALESCENT.

"Well, what did the Doctor prescribe for you?"
"Oh, he said I ought to have veal. But I don't know how to get any."
"Why, it's easy enough, you little duffer. Every man's got a calf!"

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Angry scenes were witnessed here last night at a mass meeting of local dogs, who refuse to act any longer as the city scavengers. A resolution calling on the local authorities at once to organize a body of human street-cleaners was passed by acclamation.

CHINA.

PEKIN.—Much satisfaction is expressed here at the growing popularity of Pekinese spaniels in Europe. It is pointed out with pride that at a recent show in London, confined to this species, every prize was awarded to a Pekinese. The aged mother of Un Hung Chang, who carried off the Gold Cup, lives in this town, and has been the recipient of many congratulations.

FRANCE.

PARIS.—At the Annual Conference of French Hairdressers' Associations, held last week, important changes in the *chevelure* of poodles were decided upon. Full particulars will be published shortly.

LYONS.—A wealthy widow of this town, overcome by grief at the loss of her pet dog, committed suicide yesterday. This is the second event of the kind which has taken place within the short space of a month, and it is gratifying to note the gradual growth of this respectful and pretty custom.

GERMANY.

MUNICH.—It is reported that the Editor of *Fliegende Blätter* has been badly bitten by a dachshund. That the Editor of this so-called comic paper should have met with this fate will surprise no one in the dog world. Since its foundation the pages of this journal have been sullied by "jokes" (!) about dachshunds, all in infamous taste and calculated to bring the entire race into ridicule and contempt. Indeed, it does not speak well for the *amour propre* of the dachshunds that we should have had to wait so long for this elementary act of justice.

UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK.—According to a local newspaper, sixteen Professors who, for twenty years past, have been devoting their entire attention to discovering a cure for distemper, have at last had their efforts crowned with success. Further details are awaited anxiously.

CHICAGO.—Ugly rumours concerning the potted meat trade are again on foot, and many nervous dogs are keeping to their houses.

BELGIUM.

BRUSSELS.—Attention is now being drawn to the fact that it is not only in the Congo that slavery flourishes. In many parts of Belgium itself dogs are harnessed to carts and made to draw them, thus being forced to do the work of horses. Now that the one evil is about to be remedied, it is hoped that the other will be taken in hand.

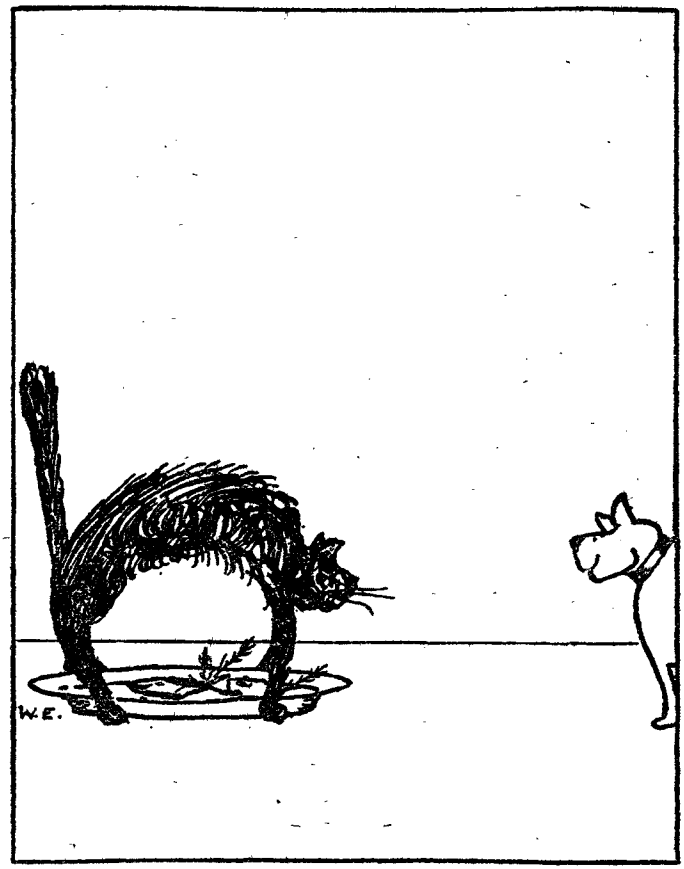
GREENLAND.

A shocking affair is reported from the interior, being nothing less than an allegation of cannibalism. It is said that a number of sleigh dogs attached to an expedition, being overtaken by starvation, ate one another. At the same time, all details are lacking, and the public is requested to suspend judgment until the matter has been thoroughly investigated.

DENMARK.

COPENHAGEN.—At a meeting in favour of Votes for Dogs, immense enthusiasm was aroused by a statement, which not even the opponents of the movement could challenge, that all the Great Danes were dogs.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



Cat: "Get away, you greedy beast! Dogs don't eat fish."
Dog: "Oh! How about Spratt's?"

ALMOST READY.

No. 1 of "THE DOG'S EAR" SERIES.

"How to Fight,"

BY

BITING BOB.

This is an entirely new work by one who has been called with justice "The Canine Hackenschmidt." It is full of the most invaluable hints, and contains a large amount of autobiographical matter, including a full account of the historic contest between Biting Bob and the Brixton Bully. For the first time the subject of dog-fighting is treated scientifically, and among the many illustrations is a valuable "Chart of the Most Vulnerable Points."

THE DOG WORLD AND ANTI-CAT REVIEW, LTD.

NOW READY.

THE BOOK OF THE SEASON.

AMONG THE FAKERS

BEING SOME

Sensational Revelations of Dog-Show Life,

By AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

PUBLISHED BY

THE DOG WORLD AND ANTI-CAT REVIEW, Ltd.

FIRST REVIEW.

"Of entrancing interest and beautifully produced. We have read it several times. Everyone should invest in a copy."—THE DOG WORLD AND ANTI-CAT REVIEW.

IN THE PRESS.

CATS AS DISSEMINATORS OF DISEASE.

BY

MEDICUS.

This treatise is of vital importance both to dogs and humans, and we are convinced that it will create such a stir in the world that a universal demand for the extinction of the entire cat tribe will follow its publication. Irrefutable proof is given that these dangerous and dirty animals are in the habit of carrying about myriads of germs in their fur!

THE DOG WORLD AND ANTI-CAT REVIEW, LTD.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR

MERRY CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

WITH A

Grand Presentation Plate in Colours

OF

the Famous

DOGS' CEMETERY

IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THE DOG WORLD AND ANTI-CAT REVIEW, LTD.

• OUR • ROLL • OF • HONOUR. •

THE LATE MISS HANNAH MARIA MOULD.

THE LATE MISS HANNAH MARIA MOULD left her entire fortune, after payment of her debts and testamentary expenses, to found a Home of Rest for Destitute Dogs.

Peace to her Bones!

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC

THE LATE MRS. JANE WARBLING.

THE LATE MRS. JANE WARBLING, after bequeathing Five Pounds to her nephew, Thomas Warbling, with which to purchase a mourning ring as a memento of her, directed her executors to devote the income of the residue of her estate (said to be over £20,000) to the up-keep of her three dogs, Fido, Fluffie, and Angelkins.

Peace to her Bones!

THE LATE JOHN HENRY GUSTAVUS BIRTWHISTLE, ESQ.

THE LATE JOHN HENRY GUSTAVUS BIRTWHISTLE, ESQ., lost his life on the 6th ult. in a plucky attempt to save that of his dog, who had fallen into a deep pond.

Peace to His Bones!

*** *We have received a letter from the representatives of the late Miss Emmeline Thynne, begging that the name of this deceased should be placed on our Roll of Honour. We have given this claim the most careful consideration, but have come to the reluctant conclusion that we cannot comply with the request, in view of the fact that Miss Thynne directed her fortune to be divided between the Home for Lost Dogs and the Starving Cats' Institution. We cannot put our official imprimatur on this sort of thing. The object of our Roll of Honour is to encourage humans to do their duty by us and us alone. Testators must be more careful.*

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL

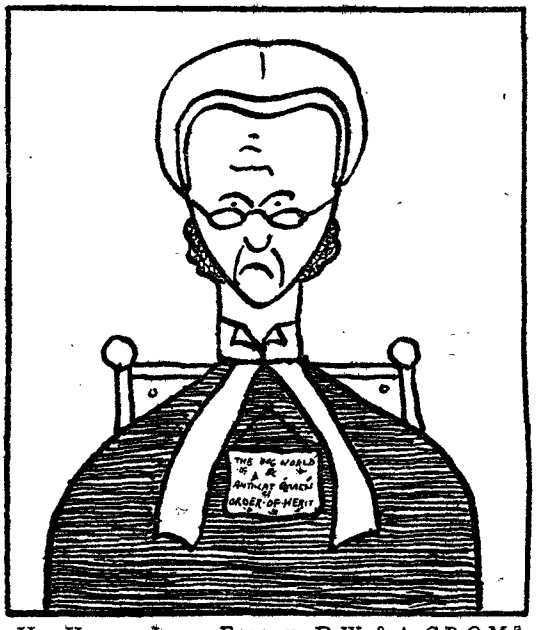
OUR ORDER OF MERIT.

INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT.

Our "Roll of Honour" concerns only those humans who have passed away. But there is a duty to the living as well as to the dead. What about those persons who perform some signal service on our behalf, and fortunately survive? For these we are pleased to institute

THE DOG WORLD AND ANTI-CAT REVIEW ORDER OF MERIT.

This will be no empty honour. Not only will the recipient be entitled to place the initials D.W. & A.-C.R.O.M. after his or her name, but we are having a neat and artistic silver medal in the form of a dog biscuit prepared, and each one will be suitably inscribed.

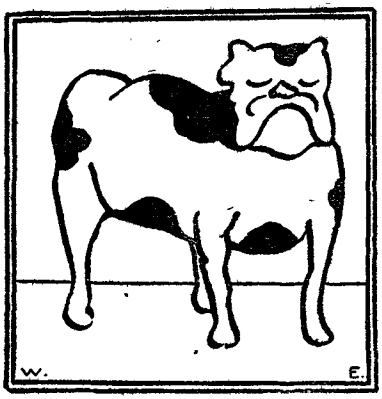


HIS HONOUR JUDGE EDGLEY, D.W. & A.-C.R.O.M.
AS HE WILL APPEAR WHEN WEARING THE MEDAL.

We now have the pleasing duty to announce our first award. The fortunate recipient is HIS HONOUR JUDGE EDGLEY, of the Finsbury County Court. On Thursday last, in the course of a case concerning a poor retriever who had been run over by an omnibus, His Honour delivered himself of the following dictum:

A DOG HAS AS MUCH RIGHT IN THE ROAD AS A HUMAN BEING.

It only remains for us to tender our congratulations to Judge Edgley on being the first to win this unique distinction. May His Honour live long to enjoy it!



OUR BEAUTY COMPETITION.
THE FIRST ENTRANT.

BEAUTY COMPETITION.

The announcement of our Grand International Beauty Competition has aroused the liveliest interest in canine circles all over the world. We have much pleasure in publishing above the portrait of the first entrant. While we have no wish to prejudge this competition, which will be decided by the votes of our readers, we should say that this magnificent specimen of British beauty (who, by the way, is our doorkeeper) will be hard to beat.

Not every Dog

Cares to be Stroked.

TO MANY THE PROCESS IS IRKSOME AND DISTASTEFUL.

Why put up with it when you can make it impossible

BY RUBBING YOURSELF ALL OVER WITH . . . .

ILE OF DOGS

YOU WILL BE LEFT ALONE THEN.

"The Most Important Invention of the Century."

Note the name—

ILE OF DOGS

COMFORTS, Ltd.

"A BOON AND A BLESSING."

WOODEN Body-Rests

. . AND . .

Head-Rests FOR DOGS.

A well-known Dachshund writes:—

"Since using your Body-Rest under my middle I have been entirely free from indigestion caused by my body sagging."

"T. F." (a Water Spaniel):—

"Whenever I get the heavy feeling in my head I rest it on one of your admirable inventions with most satisfactory results."

ALSO, A GREAT NOVELTY,

Rubbing Posts for Dogs.

THE PUPPIES' CORNER

BY

AUNT ROSE.

MY DEAR BAIRNS,

The Editor has asked me to write a few lines in his beautiful paper specially for you, you odd little mites.

I want to tell you, this week, about a horrid animal called a Cat.

Cats, my nephews and nieces, you must always remember serve no useful purpose whatever, and are most dangerous and crafty animals. To show their cunning, I will now tell you a little story. Gather round my knees, darlings.

Fido was a dear little dog with a frank, open nature. He trusted and loved every one. One day his mistress brought home a young cat, called a kitten, and Fido's mistress made him promise to be kind to her. So, although the kitten, in her spiteful way, always spat at Fido when he approached her, Fido never hit back. But one afternoon Fido went out to pay a visit to an acquaintance who lived round the corner, and, when he returned, what do you think he found? An important piece of fish which he had placed in his kennel was missing! Fido, usually good tempered, became mad with rage. Just then the kitten strolled up. "Thief!" cried Fido. "No, I never," whimpered the brazen thing. "Why, what's that hanging from your whiskers?" shouted Fido. It was a piece of his fish! At that Fido, without more ado, slew the story-teller and liar. MORAL—It's no good. You can't make friends of them.

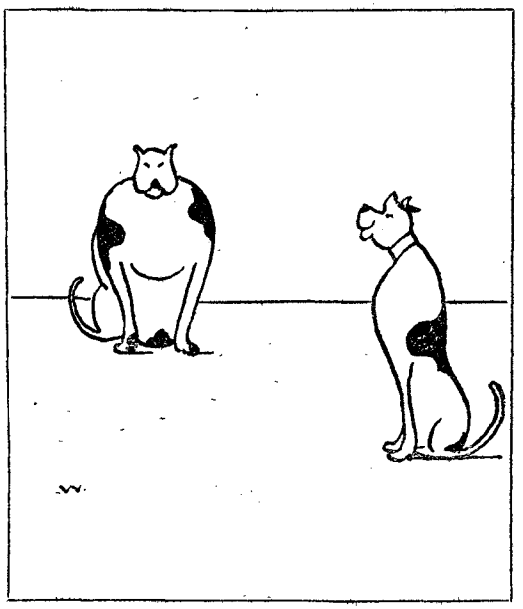
And now, my pets, I have a very pleasant announcement to make to you. The Editor asks me to tell you of a Grand Competition which he has arranged for you. It is called THE HIDDEN BISCUIT COMPETITION. At enormous expense the kind Editor has acquired twenty of the famous Mammoth Puppy Biscuits. These he has hidden in various parts of the garden of Mr. John Kitson, the well-known dog-hater, and the Editor invites his little friends to come and hunt for them in batches of not less than fifty. There's fun for you! He says you must be sure not to make a mistake as to the garden. It is the one filled with rare and valuable flowers.

Good-bye, for the present, Dearies,

Your affectionate

AUNT ROSE.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"AND WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE WINE?"
"BEAUNE, OF COURSE."

The Event of the Year!

Must be cleared by Order of the Sanitary Authorities.

AN IMPORTANT SALE OF

OLD FISH BONES

Treated by our patent arsenical process will begin on

MONDAY NEXT.

THE ONLY RELIABLE CURE FOR CATS.

Beware of New-fangled Remedies.

THE BANKRUPT STOCK COMPANY.

CAT POISON! CAT POISON!
CAT POISON!

NO MORE CATS!

Rid your House once and for all of these pests by buying a packet of

KILKAT

THE ONLY UNFAILING SPECIFIC. HARMLESS TO HUMANS.

COMFORTS, LTD.

OUR SERIAL.

'It's Dogged that Does It'

A THRILLING STORY OF

HEART, MUSCLE, CLAW, BLOOD, AND BRAIN

BY

A NEW AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Plain JOHN FLINT—A farmer.

Kindly Mrs. FLINT—His wife.

SYBIL FLINT—Their daughter, a young woman of entrancing beauty.

HARRY MALTRAVERS—Her *fiancé*.

BOB and ROVER FLINT—Two magnificent, full-blooded, bob-tailed sheep dogs—brothers-in-law—both in love with

FLO VAVASOUR—A fascinating female fox-terrier and adventuress.

SHAH FLINT—A Persian Cat, and Snake in the Grass.

KNIFE—A detective.

CHAP. I.—OUTSIDE.

OUTSIDE it was snowing. Snowing hard. Oh! how it was snowing! And the wind was blowing. Blowing cruelly. Oh! how the wind was blowing! Even brutal anti-canines, as they drew themselves closer to the fire, were heard to remark that it was a night on which they wouldn't even send a dog out. The country itself seemed to shiver.

CHAP. II.—INSIDE.

In the midst of this desolate scene stood a small ivy-covered house, "Crimea Villa" by name. Let us peep inside.

What a contrast!

Outside—the elements were raging. Within—for the moment—all was peace and quiet.

Round the dinner table sat the Flint family. At the head of the table was a small foxy-faced man—the master of the house—plain John Flint. Opposite him sat kindly Mrs. Flint; on the left, her daughter, Sybil Flint, a young woman of entrancing beauty, with a wealth of hair. She faced her *fiancé*, a soldierly-looking man named Harry. On the floor, in quiet dignity, reposed two magnificent sheep-dogs, Bob and Rover. Some little distance from them sat the alien cat Shah, feigning sleep.

Grace had just been said, and for the moment, as we have said, all was Peace.

Ah, Crimea Villa, behind thy placid exterior what dark deeds were to be done!

CHAP. III.—THE FIRST BLOW FALLS.

Suddenly, outside, a sound of scratching was heard, followed by three dismal moans.

The Flint family sprang to its feet.

There was a silence for a moment. Then the three moans were repeated.

"That's the voice of Flo!" cried Bob.

"What right, Sir, have you to call her Flo?" snapped Rover angrily, jumping to his feet.

Then the two of them, growling threateningly at one another, galloped to the door. Unseen by either, Shah caterpillared after them.

And then, by some mysterious agency, the door opened, and the wind and snow blew in, and then suddenly there was a piercing shriek from Rover, as he rushed back, *his flank streaming with blood . . .*

Who had done it? Ha! ha!

[*To be continued in our next.*]

THE FLINT FAMILY AT DINNER.

(*Illustration to our grand Serial Tale.*)

NOTICE.

The originals of the drawings appearing in the DOG WORLD AND ANTI-CAT REVIEW are for sale at prices varying from £500 to £1,000 each. Such prices would not, of course, include frames.

Why Look Shabby?

REMEMBER THAT

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DYE.

If your Fur is fading, come to us and we will make it as good as new.

ALL COLOURS KEPT IN STOCK.

DOG DYES, LTD.

Vermin Destroyed.

Use

Poudre de Ciel

DOSES:

For cats - - - 40 grains.

For smaller irritants 1 grain.

SLEEPLESSNESS CURED.
IRRITABILITY BANISHED.

HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

The Poudre de Ciel Company,
HITCHIN, HERTS.

Fur . . . . Neatly . . Repaired.

Many dogs are sadly disfigured by the loss of portions of their fur as the result of accidents or fights. This can now be remedied, and we are prepared to undertake reparations at the shortest notice. One of our recent achievements was the furnishing of an entire ear to a customer who had lost one of his own in a *fracas*. No trouble is spared to ensure that our fur matches customer's own. Give us a trial. Satisfaction guaranteed.

COATES & COATES.

C 2

103466

Before choosing a Kennel pay a visit to the

Ideal Home Company.

THOUSANDS OF DESIGNS WITH ALL THE LATEST

IMPROVEMENTS,

INCLUDING

CAT TRAPS

AND

SECRET CHAMBERS

For the Storage of Valuables.

"A sign of pure breed is a black roof to the mouth."

—DOG-OWNERS' MANUAL.

Roofs Painted

— IN —

Indelible Black

BY SKILLED ARTISTS.

DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE.

Estimates Free of Charge. . .

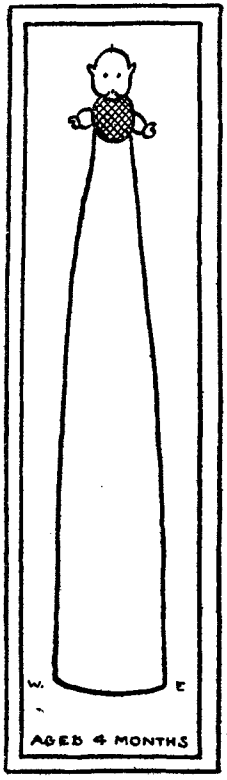
A Customer writes:—"Since treatment by you I have won Twenty-one Prizes at Dog Shows."

The Canine Arts & Crafts Association.

GRAND PRIZE COMPETITION.

Have you noticed this?

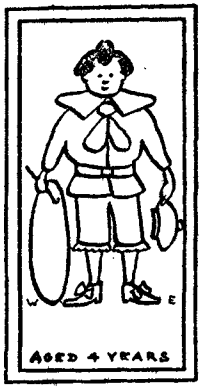
That the Young of Humans grow shorter as they grow older?



The illustration on the left depicts a baby at the age of four months. That on the right shows the same baby at the age of four years.

How do you explain this?

The Proprietors of "The Dog World and Anti-Cat Review" have much pleasure in offering a



PRIZE

of a Large Tin of the famous Mammoth Dog Biscuits to the Reader who gives a correct explanation of this astonishing phenomenon.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

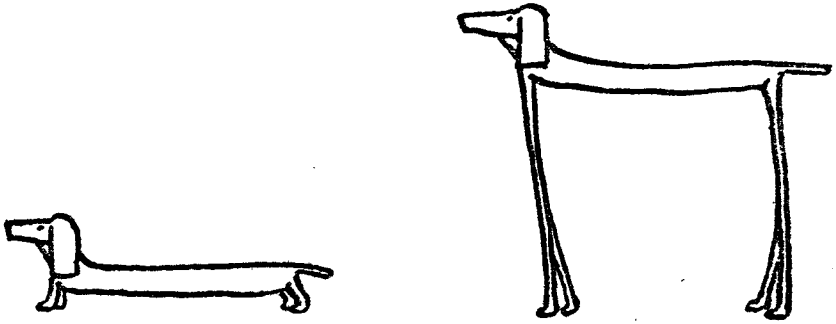
— TO —

DACHSHUNDS, ABERDEENS,

AND OTHERS.

WHY BE CATERPILLARS?

LEGS STRETCHED BY AN ENTIRELY NEW PROCESS.



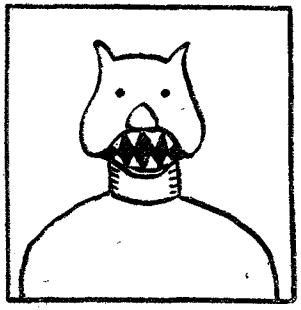
LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS.

IMPROVEMENTS, LTD.

A. PULMAN,

DENTAL EXPERT.

ADDITIONAL TEETH SUPPLIED.



MAKE YOURSELF INVINCIBLE.

"It is marvellous how a few extra molars will improve one's appearance, and lead to increased respect."

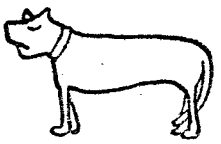
A TRIAL SOLICITED.

MUFFINE.

THE INVALUABLE HAIR-RAISER.

Why be bald? Why shiver in winter?

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE—
THIS? or THIS?



MUFFINE! MUFFINE! MUFFINE!

Beware of Imitations.

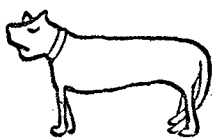
COMFORTS, LTD.

COOLINE.

THE INVALUABLE DEPILATORY.

Why wear Furs? Why swelter in summer?

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE—
THIS? or THIS?



COOLINE! COOLINE! COOLINE!

Beware of Imitations.

COMFORTS, LTD.

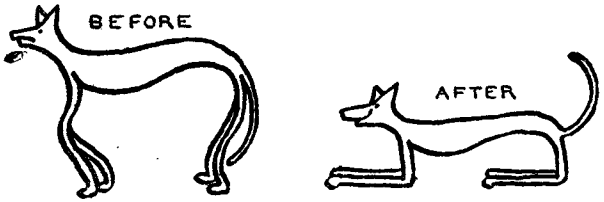
LEGGINESS CURED

BY A PATENT PROCESS.

After many years of patient and expensive experiment Professor Humburger has at length succeeded in finding a cure for a defect which makes the lives of many sensitive dogs

A LIVING HELL.

Look on this example of Professor Humburger's wonderfully successful treatment:—



THIS SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

Sufferers, do not Commit Suicide!
Come and See the Professor!

Madame Tite-Lacey

Corsetière.

WHY BE BULGY? IT IS NOT NECESSARY.

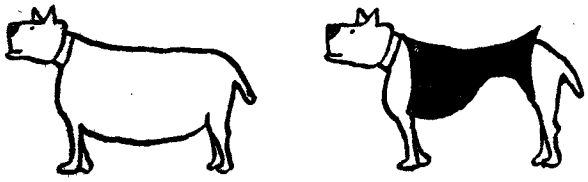


FIG. I. FIG. II.

BUY ONE OF MME. TITE-LACEY'S CORSETS.

N.B.—The Corset can be removed when eating.

SNARLS.

BEING SOME

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

*** Our columns will always be open for the airing of any legitimate grievance. We believe that the reason why so many dogs suffer from bad temper and nervous irritability is that hitherto they have had to keep their little troubles to themselves, owing to the absence of a safety valve. We trust that they will always avail themselves of our hospitality. Far better to snap and snarl in our columns than to make a nuisance of themselves in the public streets.*

VIVISECTION.

DEAR SIR,

How would a man like to be vivisected in order to enable us to find a cure for distemper?

I enclose my card, and am, &c.,

INDIGNANS.

[*Quite right.*—ED.]

DEFECTIVE HOUSING ACCOMMODATION.

SIR,

When will the Government appoint a Commission to enquire into the Housing of Dogs? At present anything from a soap-box to a beer-barrel is considered good enough for us. I have even known a dachshund to be housed in an old piece of drain-pipe, open at both ends. And, where kennels are supplied, as often as not they are defective. They are generally draughty and let in the rain, and, owing to an entire absence of padlocks, one's food is never safe in one's absence. And they are cleaned out far too often.

Yours, &c.,

AN ENGLISH DOG'S HOME SHOULD BE HIS CASTLE.

[*Our correspondents will greatly oblige by choosing as short noms-de-plume as possible.*—ED.]

THE FOOD QUESTION.

DEAR SIR,

I hope you will use your powerful influence to insist on our being adequately fed. There are more cases of starvation and semi-starvation than is generally imagined. I myself, for instance, am often kept as long as an hour without food.

Yours, &c.

PUG.

[*We hope to treat of this important matter in the near future.*—ED.]

A DISGRACE TO OUR CIVILIZATION.

DEAR SIR,

When I was out for a walk to-day I saw a sight which made my blood boil. A poor homeless cur had apparently been arrested for vagrancy, and a policeman, who had attached a piece of string to his collar, was dragging him through the public streets, even cats and street urchins stopping to jeer at him. Surely public decency demands that, if the arrest were necessary—which I very much doubt—the prisoner should have been put into a cab.

Yours, &c.,

A FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS.

[*The matter shall be brought to the notice of the Authorities.*—ED.]

A GLARING INJUSTICE.

SIR,

Why have cats nine lives and dogs only one? This should be rectified.

Yours, &c.,

JUSTITIA.

[*We will see what we can do.*—ED.]

ARE YOU DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR PERSONAL APPEARANCE?

IF SO,

PAY A VISIT TO THE

Quick Change Company : : :

PROBABLY

ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS A SLIGHT REARRANGEMENT OF FUR.

A LARGE STAFF OF TRAINED ARTISTS IN CONSTANT ATTENDANCE.

CASE No. 20061.

HOW HE CAME TO US—THE BUTT OF CHEAP WITS ON ACCOUNT OF HIS UGLINESS.

HOW HE LEFT US. NOTE HIS DISTINGUÉ APPEARANCE!

"No one looked at me before." "No cat can face me now." "Everyone is amazed at the change."

These and hundreds of other testimonials may be inspected at the offices of the Company.

NEW TYPES OF DOG INVENTED, AND PATENTS TAKEN OUT. WHY NOT BE THE ONLY ONE OF YOUR CLASS AND BE MADE MUCH OF?

INSIST ON HAVING THEM.

THE

MAMMOTH DOG BISCUITS

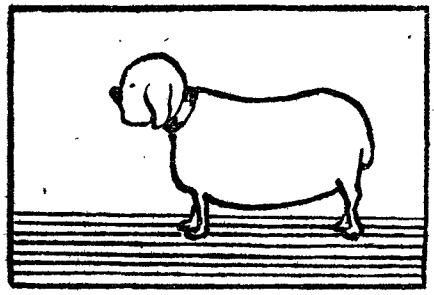
AND

MAMMOTH PUPPY BISCUITS

ARE STILL

THE BIGGEST FOR THEIR SIZE.

Refuse to eat any others. Your master will not let you die.



OUR LATEST TRIUMPH.

This bonny youngster, fed entirely on Mammoth Puppy Biscuits, was

HONOURABLY MENTIONED

at the Kilkenny Cattle Show.

THE MAMMOTH BISCUIT FACTORY, DUBLIN.

THE FIRE QUESTION.

DEAR SIR,

Is it a fact that it is injurious to one's health to sit by the fire? Humans say that it is bad for our livers and makes us irritable. My experience is that it is being kept from the fire that makes one short-tempered. Yours, &c.,

THE CHILLY WIDOW.

[*Our own impression is that it is merely an exhibition of selfishness on the part of the humans, who wish to keep the fire to themselves.*—ED.]

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO DOG.

SIR,

Humans are so stupid. They frequently give us a thrashing without letting us know what it is for. Generally it is unmerited, and I have come to the conclusion that there is only one way to put this right. Do a number of forbidden things every day, and then no beating will be unearned. Yours, &c.,

DEEP THINKER.

[*Capital!*—ED.]

THE YELLOW PERIL.

SIR,

As two British dogs, we wish to protest against the constantly increasing number of Chows who are making their way to this country. There is a real danger here, we think, lest we natives shall in time be swamped by the alien horde.

Yours, &c.

RULE BRITANNIA.

JOHN BULL DOG.

[*We think our correspondents exaggerate the danger. The public is notoriously fickle, and is bound before long to tire of the Heathen Chinee.*—ED.]

A WARNING TO THE CREDULOUS.

DEAR SIR,

May I caution your readers against a hound who is going about taking advantage of the fact that we are unaccustomed, to find rogues in our own ranks. This sneak's method of action is as follows: While you are tackling a nice meaty bone he will come up and tell you there is a lady friend round the corner wants to see you very particular. You drop your bone, and run round. Needless to say, the friend is a plant, and when you return you cannot find either bone or criminal.

Yours, &c.,

MORTIFIED.

[*We have much pleasure in publishing this caution to greenhorns.*—ED.]

MORE JUSTICE!

SIR,

A dog, if he loses his reason, is shot. Humans are given a chance of recovering. Don't let's put up with this.

HAMLET.

[*No, don't let's.*—ED.]

ARBITRATION.

DEAR SIR.

As one to whom all idea of war and strife is repugnant, may I suggest the formation of a Court of Arbitration to settle our disputes. I may mention that I myself am a Practical Christian in this respect. Frequently when I am dining in the street a dog bigger than myself will pounce upon my food and deprive me of it. Rather than cause bloodshed I let the brigand have it. But this should not be so. Yours, &c.,

TINY TIM.

[*We are afraid that canine public opinion is not yet ripe for so drastic a revolution.*—ED.]

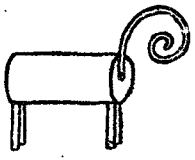
For New Ideas in Tails

GO TO

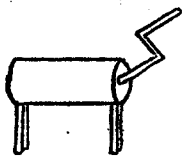
INVENTIONS,

LTD.,

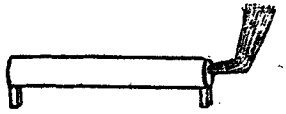
The Up-to-date Tailers.



No. 20006.—"The Catherine Wheel." Très Snob.



No. 20010.—"The Lightning." Very Striking.



No. 20012.—"The Kaiser Wilhelm." Specially suited to Dachshunds.

The above are some of our New Registered Designs for this Season. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

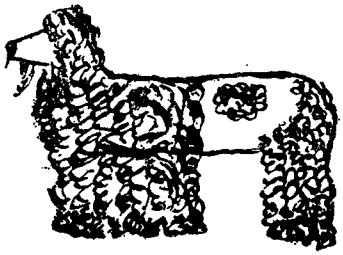
IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The method of treatment by Inventions, Ltd., is absolutely painless.

ADVICE GRATIS.

LÉON MACDUFFE

Consorial Artist



SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO CORDED POODLES.

LÉON MACDUFFE

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—We cannot imagine why they gave you the queer name Jason—unless it is because you are always searching for the Fleece?

FIFINE.—Your tales are very funny, but we fear scarcely fit for publication. We shall be pleased to see you at any time.

POETA.—No use: your verses are the merest doggerel.

CONVALESCENT.—We are sorry you were hurt, but it is a wise and humane rule never even to bark at a cat unless there is a means of escape for her. By the by, you make an amusing mistake in spelling her species. It is "Tortoiseshell," *not* "Taught-ushell."

ONE WHO TAKES NOTICE.—You are quite right. Women have tails, and in the winter the silly baggages wear them round their necks.

STUDENT.—No, you must have misread the passage. There was never any Government by Dogs in Venice. The word is Doges.

LITTLE NIPPER.—We are sorry to hear you are suffering from indigestion. We suspect you ought to diet yourself. Try the effect of knocking off boots, shoes, and rugs for a time.

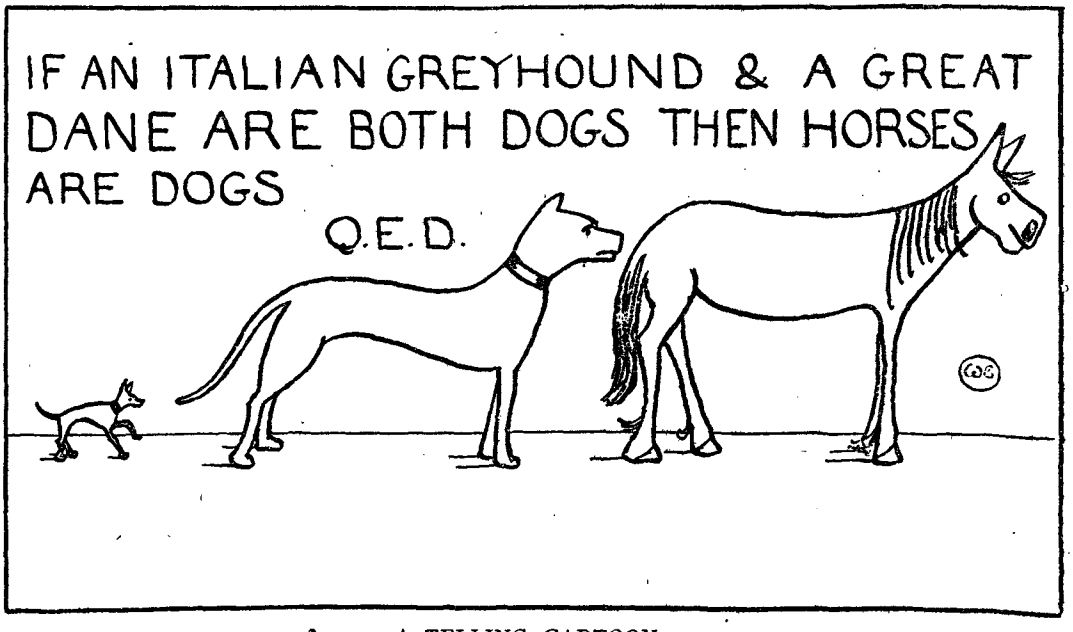
HOUSE DOG.—Any chemist should be able to make you up a mouth-wash to remove the taste of burglar. It is most unpleasant, we know, as it is so clinging and persistent.

FIDO.—We had intended to publish a number of recipes but they were crowded out at the last moment. Meanwhile let your invalid friend try this. Take a knuckle-bone (mutton), well bury it in the ground, preferably near a rubbish heap; leave it there to simmer for two weeks, then unearth, and garnish with a little fresh mud. We fancy this will tempt the lady.

PROPRIETY.—While quite endorsing your views on feline morality, we feel that an article on the subject would be out of place in a family paper. Thanks for the offer.

ANXIOUS.—You can inform your catty friend that there is nothing degrading in living in a kennel, and that King Edward and Queen Alexandra do so. If you refer to the advertisement of a certain specific, you will find it stated that it is "regularly used in the kennels of the King and Queen."

HASTY PUDDING.—Personal remarks are, of course, always in bad taste, but "obese" only means "fat," which you evidently did not know. You certainly should not have killed the Pom for this, and we consider that the manly course for you to adopt is to apologise to his executors.



A TELLING CARTOON.

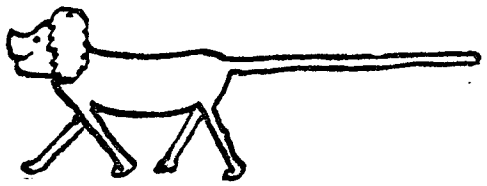
Issued by "The Larger Dogdom Society," which proposes to make Horses honorary Dogs and so increase our numbers.

I CURE TAILS!

I CURE TAILS!

I CURE TAILS!

BEFORE VISITING PROF. HUNDLIEBER.



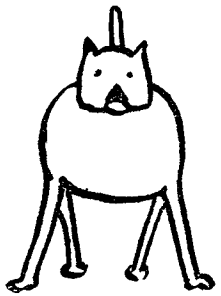
AFTER VISITING PROF. HUNDLIEBER.

Apply to PROFESSOR HUNDLIEBER.

All correspondence treated as confidential.

I CURE CURVATURE OF THE LEGS.

BEFORE TREATMENT.



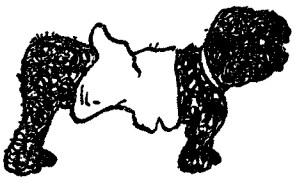
AFTER TREATMENT.

SEND : FOR : A : PACKET : OF

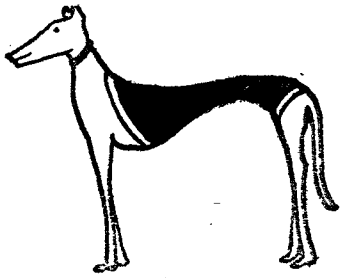
ANTI-BANDI

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Choose your Tailor with care.



THE DOG WHO SAYS ONE TAILOR IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER!



THE DOG WHO GOES TO SMART & CO

FIT GUARANTEED.

IF YOU WISH TO LOOK SMART

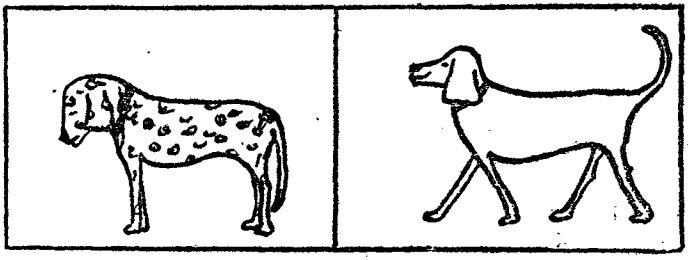
GO TO

SMART & CO.

Many a chance of Matrimony has been ruined by a blotched or spotty complexion. But this is not necessary. The most stubborn case will yield to the

PUMMISTONE TREATMENT

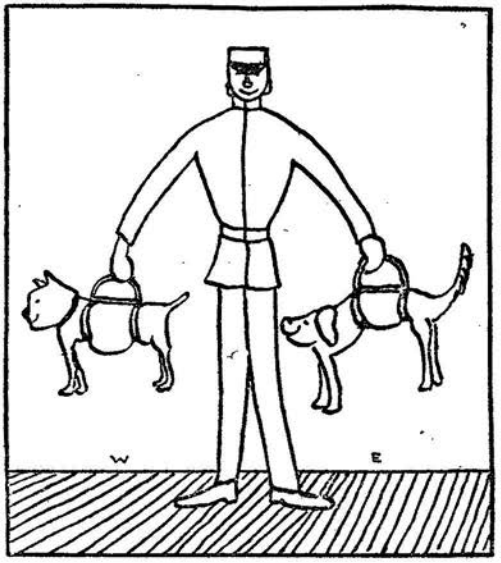
which is almost painless.



BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.

Hundreds of Testimonials, including one from a Dalmatian. "Dear Professor," writes a grateful customer, "I was married yesterday. Can I ever thank you enough?"

The Brightest Idea of the Century.



THE NEW METHOD OF CARRYING DOGS. :: ::

COMFORTABLE and INEXPENSIVE.

THE DOGGESTRAPPE
Regd.

Makes Travelling a Pleasure.

DO YOU FIND IT DIFFICULT TO EAT TOO MUCH?
DO YOU EXPERIENCE NAUSEA AT THE SIGHT OF FOOD?
DO YOU GET THAT TIGHT FEELING AFTER MEALS?
DO YOU EVER REFUSE FOOD?

IF SO, YOU ARE ILL!

BUT, **GUZZELHEIM'S WORLD-RENOWNED**

APPETITE PILLS

WILL CURE YOU.

AN EVERY-DAY SIGHT.—Crowd waiting outside Messrs. Guzzelheim's Palatial Establishment.

HARRISON AND SONS, PRINTERS IN ORDINARY TO HIS MAJESTY, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

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